

The Home Department.

I Remember, I Remember.
(By Thomas Hood.)

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light;
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
That tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as
fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was but childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

A BELATED BRIDAL TOUR.
(Continued from last week.)

It would take too long to tell all of our experiences or to describe all that we saw of interest. If there was anything of interest along the line of the Overland Route that we missed it was because there was too much of greater interest to occupy our time.

"Isn't this delightful?" queried Dorothy one day as we were winding in and out of the grand old Rockies and watching the ever changing colors of the clouds.

"Finest in the world," I replied, straining my eyes to see the dim outlines of a grand old peak in the distance.

"It isn't much like the first ride we took after we were really married," she said.

"Well, I should say not," I exclaimed.

Truth compels the statement that our first ride after our "first" marriage was taken in a two-wheeled cart behind a rather tired and dejected pony that had made something like twenty miles at a gait one would expect when the driver was expecting every minute to hear the rattle of wheels and a gruff voice commanding him to stop and deliver over a beloved daughter. And I could not help contrasting our present luxurious surroundings with the aforesaid two-wheeled vehicle. Here the softest of

velvet cushions; there the jerky motion of a two-wheeler. Here an utter absence of dust; there clouds of it stirred up by the short-gaited animal that hurried us to the nearest justice of the peace. Now polite attendants who waited to do our bidding; then a fear that somebody would appear and pay us attention. O, there was no question about our bridal tour being "different."

As the hours rolled by and the ever-changing scenery along the great Overland Route unfolded itself to the eye like a grand panorama—a panorama that the hand and brain of man can never hope to equal—I realized more than ever that the man who gets the right kind of a wife is the luckiest of mortals.

At Salt Lake we dipped in the briny waters at Garfield Beach. We visited the great Mormon temple and heard the grand organ. As I looked upon the old Mormon elders I wondered if a plurality of wives meant a proportionate increase in happiness. After wondering a while I decided that it was impossible. If two wives made a man twice as happy as my one wife made me, he would die because of sheer inability to bear it. But of course I long since discovered that there is but one Dorothy in all the wide world.

From Salt Lake we went to Portland. We sailed on the broad bosom of the majestic Columbia and spent happy hours watching the salmon fishers. We watched the great ocean steamers coming and going, and we idled away the happy hours wandering about from one point of interest to another.

Long before we reached Portland we had forgotten that we were married five years before, and everybody who saw us took us for bride and groom. The bell-boys at the hotels were all attention and smiles. The chambermaids beamed upon Dorothy and seemed to envy her her happiness. The hotel clerks fell into the trap and

always assigned us to the bridal chambers, and the head waiters never failed to assign the most accommodating waiters to serve us at table. So thoroughly was I saturated with the spirit of the occasion that I wanted to spend money as foolishly as the average newly married man on his wedding journey, but here Dorothy's careful management was manifested. She handled the purse—and that was the only feature of the trip that did not appear to me to be just like a for-sure bridal tour.

From Portland to San Francisco by steamer! Talk about delightful trips! There seemed to be about two score bridal couples on the ship, and we knew we were acting our parts to perfection because all the brides confided in Dorothy just as they did among themselves, and the grooms took me to their arms—figuratively speaking—and told me all about their wonderful happiness.

"What do you think about my scheme by this time?" queried Dorothy, as we leaned over the rail and watched the waves.

"Little woman," I replied. "You've got a head on you so long that you have to go outside the house to turn around."

And I meant it, too. It took a genius to devise a trip of this kind. Of course we could have taken a trip just like it so far as route was concerned, but who on earth but Dorothy would have thought up a scheme so well calculated to make it the very happiest journey possible.

We met so many bridal couples on our journey that I felt like suggesting to the management of the Union Pacific that it change the name of the road from "The Overland Route" to "The Bridal Route." I may do so yet, and I am inclined to believe the suggestion is worth money. I understand

(Continued on Page Nine.)

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